

Can Feel It Coming Before It Blows by Carerra_os

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Summary:

Day 13 Hay Fever

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Billy only has to wait a few minutes before Steve is opening the door, smiling widely, it drops as Billy presses in close and he really takes him in. “Are you okay?” Steve asks, pulling away before Billy can get a kiss, hand going to Billy’s forehead checking for fever, he does not have one.

“I’m fine.” Billy argues as he pushes in, he knows Steve is not ready yet, he is never ready on time.

“You don’t look fine.” Steve argues, mouth twisting the way it does when he is going to dig into something, usually he will back down but every now and then when he senses something off he just will not let it go

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Author's Note:

Day Thirteen Hay Fever from the Harringrove April Prompts

Can Feel It Coming Before It Blows

Billy is agitated, eyes itching, nose running, head throbbing, he fucking hates spring. He spends the entirety of it feeling shitty, it had been better in California, when they lived close to the sea but there is no sea breeze here. Just farmland and cows shit and too much nature for Billy's liking.

He does not have time to sneeze every five seconds, does not have time for the pressure building behind his eyes that seems to be getting worse and worse with each day. Hay fever the doctor had told Neil once, given him a little prescription to have filled, instead Neil broke Billy's nose and figured if he could not smell it, it could not bother him. Not how it works but Billy had learned to hide it, to pretend he was perfectly fine but it is hard here in Hawkins, harder with each passing day.

Billy has a date though, a pretty boy waiting to pretend they are just friends as they sit across from one another in the diner playing footsie and stealing fries from one another's plates. Neil is out of town, he does not have to worry about him seeing them even casually hanging out, Billy is afraid to do even that when his father is in town, sure Neil would just know. He is looking forward to this, he is not about to let some stupid hay fever keep him from taking Steve out to dinner.

Billy chugs a beer on his way out the door, hoping it will help dull the painful ache in his nose and eyes, it is spreading over the tops of his cheeks and toward his hairline which is new and unwelcome.

Billy wishes he had concealer as he catches a look at himself in the mirror sees the purple blue of his puffy under eyes, he looks tired and he is but he ignores it, focuses his eyes on his abs instead, they still look pristine, hypes himself up with how good they always look, refuses to look back at his face.

He sneezes three times before he makes it to his car, snot dripping down his face until he manages to grab a tissue from the glovebox. He scrubs at his face angrily with it trying to get all of it out of his mustache, licking over it when he is done and tasting something in it, he is pretty sure it is not beer. He gives one more scrub with a fresh tissue before calling it good and heading toward Steve's house.

It is a nice night and he would have his window down if he could but his eyes sting and his throat scratches and he is pretty sure the yellow stuff clinging to the hood of the Camaro is pollen. So he does not risk it, even though he feels like he cannot breathe, his sinuses somehow wet and dried out at the same time, he just sneezed up buckets but it feels like he is breathing in the driest desert air, in the one nostril currently willing to take in oxygen. Billy sneezes again, getting snot all over his steering wheel and hand before he makes it to Steve's house, spends five minutes trying to get it all cleaned up after he parks in front of Steve's house, shoving all of the tissue under his seat hiding them.

Billy only has to wait a few minutes before Steve is opening the door, smiling widely, it drops as Billy presses in close and he really takes him in. "Are you okay?" Steve asks, pulling away before Billy can get a kiss, hand going to Billy's forehead checking for fever, he does not have one.

"I'm fine." Billy argues as he pushes in, he knows Steve is not ready yet, he is never ready on time.

"You don't look fine." Steve argues, mouth twisting the way it does when he is going to dig into something, usually he will back down but every now and then when he senses something off he just will not

let it go.

Billy feels a sneeze coming on, feels the tickle of it as it builds tries to resist it, tries to argue right back "I'm fi-" his words are cut off by the sneeze suddenly crashing through him unstoppable and loud, echoing in the hallway and Billy barely manages to get his hands up to avoid sneezing on Steve.

"Bless you," Billy glares at his unimpressed looking boyfriend, it hurts, god he hates sneezing. "Come on then, you're clearly not fine."

"It's just allergies, it's fine, let's go get a meal." Billy grumbles following Steve to the living room and accepting the tissue he hands him and grabbing several more from the box, he needs them.

"Yah know I used to get sick like this every winter, turns out I'm allergic to pine trees, well not the trees themselves but the mold that grows inside of them." Billy did not know that and he does not know where this story is leading but he follows after Steve when he moves to the downstairs bathroom, washes his face while Steve rummages in a cabinet full of various bottles. "My mom wasn't willing to give up having a live Christmas tree so the doc gave me pills to help, I still ended up getting sick every year but it helped a little." Steve shrugs shaking bottles as he looks for one specific bottle.

"Your mom sucks." Billy mutters the cool water helping his face not feel so crusty, giving him a brief alleviation from the sting in his eyes but he can already feel it coming back. Steve just gives him an unimpressed look the way he always does when Billy says anything negative about his mother, Steve is close to her despite her less than stellar skills in the motherhood department, which is why Billy does not dig into it, lets it drop, puts his hands up placating and Steve turns back to the cabinet.

"Found it!" Steve announces triumphantly holding up a little bottle of pills. "I haven't needed them in a while but I still have the

prescription, they should help.” Steve says holding a pill out to Billy with a sad look.

“Thanks, pretty boy.” Billy takes the pills, leaning in and kissing Steve softly to distract him from his sadness over why he has not needed them, he has to lean away quickly as another sneeze decides it wants out.

“I got some other stuff that might help, come on big guy it’s a night on the couch for you. I can pick up food for us from the dinner or we can order pizza, your choice, spring break is coming up we’ll go up to the city or something for a little date night then.” Steve says ignoring Billy’s grumble as he wipes his nose and gulps water from the sink to take his pill. “There are little paper cups right next to you.”

Billy glowers at Steve through the mirror, throat hurting as he swallows the pill feeling dry and scratchy. “Your little paper cups are pretentious and I want pizza.” Steve rolls his eyes and pulls Billy out of the bathroom, pushing him into the living room before heading to the kitchen. “No fucking mushrooms!” Billy calls after Steve, he is pretty sure he has not forgotten but just in case, he hates mushrooms.

“I know!” Steve shouts back and Billy flops down on the couch feeling shitty that they are not going out, he really wanted to take Steve out but he really does feel like shit so he just looks for the remote and kicks his shoes off tucking them under the side table before Steve can realize he has had them on this entire time. Billy digs around in the couch cushions and quickly finds the remote, Steve is always losing it in the couch.

Billy is flipping the channels and sneezing, tissue box pulled into his lap so he does not have to keep reaching over the back of the couch for more but each one is drying up and his sinus are going back to just achy, which is both bad and good, he is starting to feel a little dehydrated and he knows the sneezes will be back later, they come in waves.

Steve comes bustling back in with a whole basket full of stuff, a humidifier balanced on top, he sets the basket on the table and takes the humidifier and a bottle from the basket. "What is all this shit?" Billy asks, watching Steve set up the humidifier nearby, filling it with water and a few drops of something Billy cannot smell but when Steve holds it up he sees the little label eucalyptus.

"It kind of smells like cat piss but it helps and the moisture will help too." Billy is happy he cannot smell it, he gives Steve a less than enthused smile and starts looking through the basket. There are some more bottles of oil, an ice pack, a heating pack that has a smell he can just barely catch and a weird blue tea pot looking thing, Billy holds it up in questions. "It's a neti pot." Steve says it like Billy should know that.

"A what?" Billy has never heard of it but he honestly cannot think of what it is for if not a tiny pot for a child's pretend tea party.

Steve comes back over and takes it from Billy "You fill it up with water and then you pour it like this" He turns his head to the side and pretends to pour it into his nose like the world's worst tea party host, Billy is less than impressed. "And it comes out your other nostril."

"And you do this?" Billy asks, face scrunched up in his disgust, there is absolutely no way he is doing that.

"It's not as bad as it sounds" Steve says it so earnestly, like that is somehow going to convince Billy to try it before he goes a little more pouty "as long as you hold your head at the right angle."

"How many times did you choke before you got it right?" Billy asks, catching Steve around the waist and pulling him into his lap.

"Ow" Steve hisses, both of them awkwardly shuffling to get the now

partially crushed tissue box out from between them.

Billy does not miss the way Steve does not answer, kisses at his neck. Billy's nose is starting that telltale tingle that he tries to fight back down. "Come on baby, how many times?" He asks, teeth nipping at the edge of Steve's jaw.

"Only like-" Steve cuts himself off as Billy takes in a sudden deep breath, still trying to fight the sneeze, Steve scrambling away "Oh hell no don't you dare sneeze on me!" Steve yells falling over the coffee table in his haste to get out of the way as Billy grabs for the tissues just barely managing to get one in front of his face before the sneeze rips through him. "Ow"

"I wasn't going to sneeze on you, you drama queen." Billy denies, he is not so sure that he would have been able to avoid it. "Get back up here and cuddle me until the pizza gets here." Billy demands as he grabs a blanket from the back of the couch.

"I'm pretty sure the last time I demanded cuddles you called me a baby." Steve teases as he picks himself back up off the floor rubbing at his lower back.

"No I called you baby, as in baby get the fuck up here" Billy demands putting a little base in his voice that never fails to get a reaction out of Steve.

"Yeah that's not as sexy when you've got snot running into your mustache *baby*. " Billy is pretty sure Steve is fucking with him but he lifts a hand to check any way, angrily grabbing a tissue when his fingers touch damp hair. "You should try the neti pot."

"I'm not drowning in fucking Indiana!" Billy hisses dramatically making his throat hurt and he grabs the water bottle Steve brought with the basket and downs some. Steve just laughs and joins him on

the couch cuddling up close to Billy and kissing his forehead before quickly leaning away and dropping the tissue box in his lap when he starts sneezing again.

-End

Author's Note:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>